

Rural Route No. 4.

We had quite a nice Christmas out here, the tree at Blue Bell was real nice, the program was short, but the children did fine. Mrs. Davis, Neff, Wright and Mrs. Sleiger and several other neighbors made a success of it.

The New Year as well as Christmas passed without any snow or rain a cold wind was all we got.

J. O. Ponting is hauling Jip, he is getting ready for the long look-out for, well driller.

Neff Bros. are now doing all kinds of grinding for the neighbors from chops to corn meal.

Henry Ponting had just finished his cow shed before the blizzard of last Sunday and Monday.

A terrible prairie fire raged last Saturday between Beatrice, Okla., and the Kansas line we haven't heard of any damage being done.

Neff Bros. are working the mail route, the aim to put in some good work on it.

We want your trade, give us a chance and see what bargains we can give you.

Harris Dry Goods Co.

Report of Bluebell School.

District 14, 3rd month.

School closed for the holidays on December 23 with a good program and a jolly Santa Claus laden with a treat for the pupils. The patrons of the school were with us with exception of two families and every one seemed to enjoy the efforts the little folks made to entertain them.

There were eight pupils perfect in attendance and punctuality namely: Tilda and Samuel Lofland, Burton Neff, Lora and Elton Hottinger, Claude, Harry and Bertie Davis. Besides those named others not tardy were Clifford Wright, Edith Lofland, Wilda Davis, Lilliah Wright, Lilly and Lizzie Corzine, Willis, Bessie Zelma Lofland, James and Willie Corzine.

Those not not absent were Walter, Oscar and Grace Hammontree, Wiley and Vernie King and Roy Corzine.

At the close of the program the scholars presented their teacher with a handsomely bound volume of Shakespeare as a token of regard and remembrance. Vernie and Wiley King also made her a present of a hand-painted salt and pepper set.

Mrs. R. J. Slinger, teacher.

Will Applegate of Old Springfield has fine, barred Plymouth Rocks for sale. Cockrels \$1 each. 11-25-tf.

Enterprise Items.

School commenced again Monday morning, after a weeks vacation.

The blizzard and cold wave which came Sunday, is the worst this winter and some say it is the coldest for years.

Miss Freda Harris of Liberal is visiting with Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Kent this week.

R. H. Tempner and family visited at the home of E. J. Young Sunday.

S. C. Warren is on the sick list this week.

Mr. Elmer Wooden and Miss Dixie Jacobs were married at Liberal on New Year's day. Mr. and Mrs. Wooden are both teaching in Texas county this year. Mrs. Wooden taught at Nabisco last year. The young people have many friends and acquaintances in this community, who extend to them their congratulations and best wishes.

Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Kent visited Saturday night with Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Harris of Liberal, and attended the basketball game.

Some of the men in this neighborhood went rabbit hunting last Wednesday, and killed about thirty rabbits.

Big line of shoes, gloves and overalls for railroad men at, Harris Dry Goods Co.

AN EDITOR'S STRATEGY

By M. J. PHILLIPS

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"Is that all right, Mr. Price?"

Hugh Price, on familiar terms with aldermen, policemen, a mayor, two congressmen and a senator, felt his heart beat tumultuously when thus addressed. His mouth went dry; he stumbled over a chair on his way to answer the implied summons. But then, the various gentlemen enumerated weighed more—much more—than a hundred and twenty pounds; their complexions were certainly not a dainty pink and white; and their hair did not curl enticingly about their ears. And they did not always—or ever—look sweet and fresh and distractingly pretty.

"Why—yes; that is, no," stammered Hugh, as the girl looked at him demurely. "The important point, Miss McClure, is that Mrs. Boggs is at Hilltop for the day. I believe I would not say she went on the nine-thirty train. That isn't necessary."

"Thank you, Mr. Price," murmured Audrey McClure, as she raised her eyes. She stole a glance after him as he went out hurriedly; but Price was too busy bumping against the door-frame to know it.

There was a different atmosphere in the editorial room of the Ramona "Daily Telegram" since Miss McClure had become society editor. She knew nothing of newspaper making; but the editor had been a friend of



The Note Was in Round School-Girl Hand.

her father's. He had put her to work after John McClure's death, partially for old times' sake, and also for the satisfaction of seeing the wolf retreat from the humble porch of the McClures.

It was to Price that she always appealed for help. The cubs worshiped her humbly. During slack times in the office they brought her their troubles—mostly love affairs—and heeded promptly when she told them their ties were not becoming. But they did not presume to aid or criticize their mentor.

The consultations with the society editor were moments of fearful pleasure for Price. For the city editor was bashful—unbelievably bashful. He got along famously with men; and regularly he won the hearts and inmost secrets of women who were old or faded or unattractive. But when a "girl-story" came up, the managing editor always asked: "Is she pretty?" If she was, one of the cubs interviewed her, for the bashful Price was useless.

He tried manfully, but vainly, to overcome this handicap so far as Miss McClure was concerned. Certainly there were opportunities to try. It was remarkable how much tutoring she required. Long after the society page came to be regarded as a model for that part of the state she felt bound to consult him.

Perhaps Price would not have been so self-conscious could he have kept his mind strictly on the subject in hand. But when a chap is marveling on the wonderful depth of brown eyes upturned to his own; or speculating as to what would happen if he laid his cheek against another smooth, round cheek; or trying to imagine the feeling of a wandering tendril of hair curled about his finger—it was enough that he was able to talk at all!

"Mr. Price," she said, one rainy afternoon, when Ramona was as dull

as ditchwater and the telegraph wires indicated a similar state of somnolence throughout the world, "will you help me a moment, please?"

Price dropped the pencil with which he had been butchering the effusion of one of the cubs, upset the waste-basket and hurried to her side. She had been part of the force three months now, but at her lightest word Price still dropped something or overturned something, or both. The cubs snickered over the habit—in secret. Miss McClure never seemed to notice it.

"There were about twenty-five parties last night," she said plaintively. "I've written 15 of them, and every paragraph is alike. Can't you suggest something a little different from 'A merry company of young people assembled last evening at the home of Miss Clementine Dunn'—?"

An inspiration that almost choked him with its daring seized Price. "Here, let me show you," he said hurriedly, and dropped into the chair she had vacated. "This is Thursday, isn't it?" he asked, and attacked the typewriter fiercely. He arose with a sigh that ended abruptly in a gulp. This is what she read: "Miss Audrey McClure entertained a select party at her home Thursday evening. All who were expected came, despite the rain."

Notwithstanding her demureness, Miss Audrey was a young woman of quick perceptions. "That isn't quite complete," she remarked, matter-of-factly, and added to the item: "Fudge and lemonade were served."

The "select party" came, despite the rain, and thereafter continued to come twice a week. Some evenings he was preternaturally silent; others prodigiously garrulous. He devoured large quantities of fudge, lemonade, cake, chocolates—which he brought himself—and popcorn. But he always sat across the room from his hostess; and when it was time to go he found his hat in the dim hall by instinct and fled with a single "Good night."

One evening, after he had been coming two months, he stayed a half-hour beyond his limit. The grate fire made the little parlor very cozy, and Audrey had been unusually engrossing. He glanced at his watch, mumbled a panic-stricken excuse and galloped out of the house like a fire engine answering a general alarm.

Thereupon a strange thing happened in the McClure home. Miss Audrey looked after him, the polite smile with which we speed the parting guest still on her lips. When his hurried footsteps had quite died away, she kicked viciously a sofa pillow which his departure had displaced, and burst into tears.

The next day the "Beauty, Health and Etiquette" department of the Telegram received a naive and puzzling communication. As usual, Miss McClure called Price in counsel.

The note was in a round, school-girl hand. "Dear Miss De Vere," it began, Dorothy De Vere being the name under which Audrey conducted the department, "I am a young lady almost eighteen. I have a gentleman friend who calls very frequently. I esteem him very much. I have known him four months. Several times he has asked to kiss me. Shall I let him? Panay."

Miss McClure looked up at Price. There was a hint of laughter in her eyes.

There was no one else in the office. Price's heart rose in his throat to suffocate him. He lunged forward crushed her to him and kissed her on the mouth. Then he stumbled out, dazed with delight. A desk telephone was in his way; it crashed to the floor, but he did not stop to pick it up.

On the street a chill wind dashed sleet in his face. He did not feel it. His pulses were pounding like a bass drum in a circus band. "She kissed me back," he breathed in awed elation.

A new society editor sits at Miss McClure's desk. She wears a black sweater and chews gum. A pencil is usually protruding somewhere from her frizzy hair. Rimless glasses pinch the bridge of her sharp little nose. She does not prod the typewriter keys with tapered forefingers. Instead, ten stubby digits race back and forth over the keyboard so rapidly one almost expects to see sparks follow them. This is the first item she wrote:

"Miss May Barker entertained last evening at a linen shower in honor of Miss Audrey McClure, who is soon to be married to Mr. Hugh Price, city editor of the 'Daily Telegram'."

KIRKPATRICK & CO. Shoes

Several new Mid-winter styles for both men and women now on exhibition

Pictures Going. Those holding cards are advised to choose soon, first come first served.

Eureka Items.

8 miles south and 3 miles west of Liberal. Robert Sellers built a dugout on the northeast part of his claim last week.

Will Capps came out from Liberal Saturday night and remained until Tuesday.

Grandma Nix's son arrived from eastern Oklahoma last week. Grandma is still very low.

Charley Capps went to Tyrone last Thursday to meet his wife and children who arrived from Greer county, Oklahoma.

Grandma Combs is at Will Hocker's helping to care for Grandma Nix.

Bertha Morehouse resumed her school duties at Nabisco this week.

No Sunday School last Sunday on account of the storm.

Mrs. C. E. Morehouse and daughters ate New Year's dinner with C. H. Morehouse and family.

We had some very cold weather the first of the week. It was 14 degrees below zero Monday.

Charley Newman and family write that they are having a fine visit in Colorado.

Mrs. G. A. Kall and children spent several days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Morehouse, this week.

Martin Woodard and wife spent Tuesday at V. Capps'.

Mr. Vanderbilt called at G. A. Kall's Thursday of last week.

Geo. Evering was at Ed. Hudkins' Tuesday.

Later—We have just received the news of the death of Grandma Nix on Tuesday night.

Lone Star.

The New Year came in with some zero weather, but no snow.

We have had plenty of wind the past week.

Everyone is keeping close to the fire these days.

Will Hawk has been visiting with his brother for a few days.

N. Rich and wife of Fowler stopped over in this neighborhood long enough to attend the meeting at the church Tuesday.

The Revival meetings began Tuesday. Rev. Cozand of Alva, Okla., will do the preaching.

Geo. Lutes transacted business at Hugoton Monday.

Some of the boys have been hunting rabbits the past week.

E. H. Patterson and family called on C. W. Hawk and family, Monday evening.

W. R. Hoskinson and family took New Year's dinner with Ira Nisley and family.

James Hoskinson and Geo. Lutes were obliged to close their meeting on account of sickness.

H. H. Beard has been staying at James Hoskinson's a few days.

The infant son of I. W. Hoskinson has been sick, but is much better at this writing.

Moore & Falls write fire and wind storm insurance in the best standard companies.

Pleasant Valley.

The coldest weather of the season the fore part of the week.

Miss Grace Gleason resumed her duties as teacher in the Pleasant Valley school the first of the week.

Mrs. Henry Hitch from Guymon has been visiting her mother during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hall were shopping in Liberal last Saturday.

Robert Hall and his father were county seat visitors Saturday.

Mr. Burg is having a large granary built on the Hitch ranch and will store his grain for awhile.

Mr. Cain made a business trip to

Try Taylor's Cold Tablets

Absolutely the finest thing on the market for

Colds, Headache and LaGrippe

Take a box home today. Enough for the whole family, 50 tablets in each box

Price 25c

CHAS. TAYLOR & CO.

Phone 107

Liberal, Kansas

the Hitch ranch a few days ago.

Messrs. Taylor and Weir are planning to farm on a large scale next year. We hope they will be successful.

The hard winds the past few days have been hard on the wheat plant.

Luther Ellis was a business caller at John Hall's one day last week.

Quite a lot of kafir and maize in this neighborhood is to be threshed soon.

Mrs. Brewer came out from Liberal and visited her sister, Mrs. Freeman a few days this week.

A little moisture in this neck of the woods would be welcomed with delight at this time.

J. W. Freeman is running some of his stock in the stalk field these days.

POOR INVENTOR REWARDED

Pathetic Anecdote in Connection With the Annual Competitive Exhibition Held in Paris.

Once a year a general competitive exhibition of new inventions is held in Paris, France, and is called the "concours Lepine," because M. Lepine, the prefect of police, originated the idea, which has become immensely popular, especially among small inventors. This year it is held at the Grand Palais and is attracting general attention. A pathetic anecdote has just come to light in connection with it. Among the practical novelties there was an automatic dumping car worked pneumatically. The idea was very simple and original, and the members of the jury decided to give its owner special recognition. But he had no known residence in Paris, and there was a difficulty in locating him. Finally, after much patient research, the inventor's temporary abode was found. It was simply under the arches of the Alma bridge. He had not enough money to pay even sixpence for a bed at night, as he had spent whatever he had in making the model. He had walked all the way from the neighborhood of Nancy to Paris, and left his wife and children with just eleven francs on paring. The members of the jury

at once concluded that simple cash was better for him than an honorary medal, and have decided to pay for his board and lodging in Paris. They also advanced him a small sum of money, half of which he at once sent to his wife, with the good news that his invention had received recognition.

STATE PAYMENT OF DOCTORS

Liverpool Man Believed the System Would Tend to Put Prevention Before Cure.

Should doctors be paid by the state?

This question was debated with great vigor by the medical section at the conference of the Royal Institute of Public Health at Birkenhead.

"The inevitable tendency under the present condition of things," said Prof. B. Moore of Liverpool, "is to put cure before prevention. If all doctors were paid by the state, the prevention of disease would be much more in everyone's interest than at present."

A different view of the matter was expressed by a delegate, who scornfully asked: "Can anyone with any knowledge of the world imagine that patients would consent to have their doctors thrust upon them like tax collectors?"—London Daily Mirror.

COARSE, COARSE.

Mrs. Benham—Don't you think baby looks like me?

Benham—I've only seen him in his pleasant moods thus far.

PLEASING AMY.

Amy—Maud's new costume is swell, isn't it?

Jack—Yes, but not always in the right places.

PATENTS TO ENGLISH WOMEN.

Five patents upon safety razors have been granted to English women in the last year.